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"It was the pledge not to drink wine, or rum or anything that has alcohol in it (except a medicine,) that I signed," said Margaret, "they turned from the crowded side walk into the more quiet street that led to their home, a few minutes after."

"Oh, sister! why *didn't* you put our names down?"

"It was only for those over twelve years of age, and neither of you is so old."

"But he *said* the children *ought* to be 'torn'!"

"pernence," urged Rose. "I don't see why I don't let them write their names too!"

"There will be a children's society, perhaps," said Margaret, as they reached home. She stopped on the steps, and rang the bell.

"Don't say anything to your father and mother," she whispered.

The next Sabbath was a beautiful day. Summer. Rose and Abby went to their Sabbath-school class, and to church, and then down at home to read their library books. They could not read much, however, this was a noise in the room at one side—the father's parlor. They had seen five or six

"Oh, what wicked men, to laugh so on Sunday!" exclaimed little Abby.

Mr. L.— had rung his bell violently three times, with no success, as the girl who he waited on the band, thinking they would have no more wine for a while, had stolen a lot herself, and sneaked off with it under a shawl, to share it with a married sister, who lived in a neighboring street.

Mr. L.— impatiently called his children. They came timidly into the room, where, aside from comparisons of their father's

violating and swearing. Some were tipped by in their chairs, with their feet higher than their heads; others were tossing their arms at laughing shrilly, making most foolish speech or using great, swelling oaths: some were drinking the last dregs of the empty bottles strewn the table. One, a young man, lay, hiccupping and stuttering on a lounge, evidently far gone to sit up. Their father did not lo-

so drunk as the roost; but his face was red as  
angry, and his breath was fiery with the fire  
of spirit, as he told them to go down into  
certain cellar—giving them the key—to  
bring each as many bottles as she could care  
—“Ca can’t you br-bring *four* bottles apiece  
he called after them.  
“Yes, pa,” Rose answered, faintly.  
As they went down stairs, through the w

"He can't make me!" Rose said, very firmly. "Don't you know what the little girl that sang?"

And both, who were accustomed to singing the songs together, joined in the chorus, as they went slowly from step to step—

"No, no, no, no, no."

The echoes rang through the hall, starting the house cat, who lay napping on the rug before the door. They did more: they reached the ears of the father, in the midst of his evening companions; and they startled him, nothing had startled him since Charlie's death!

proved, taught, by his very children—his dispossessed, neglected little girls? He leaned his head on his hands, and tried to clear it from the mist of drunkenness. He seemed to hear his blessed wife's tone in that clear sound he was singing. It was as though the sky had opened above him, and Charley and Charley's mother, two angels all in white, had looked down on him, and bidden him *never* drink any more.

"I never will!" he solemnly exclaimed within his heart, at that moment. He stared up, and up, but, recollecting himself, he sat down, as his pale, sad, sorrowful-looking little girl came back with their arms full of the bouquet he had demanded. He could not look in the faces, nor speak to them, but motioned to them to go out. He then uncorked the bottles, and passed them to his guests, exclaiming, "I have passed them to you, as I have passed them to my little sister."

The next morning he went out, found  
 signed the pledge of *Taii Assistance* to  
 "all that can participate"

her more affectionately than he had done months.

"Margaret, my daughter," he said, in trembling voice, "I have made a promise which, by God's help, I will keep till my dying day.

She looked up, bewildered—afraid to believe what she most wished on earth.

"I have signed the pledge!" he said, look-

firmly in her face

"Oh, father!" she began, lifted her hands clasped them together - and turning instantly away she began to cry aloud like a little child.

Rose and Abby came running in with their school bonnets on their heads, ready to go. They did not know what to make of their governess's sister's unaccountable behaviour.

They had not much time for wondering, as their father, with a look of love in his face,

"Oh, God forgive me!" he exclaimed last, brokenly. *I have come to love for*

**TOMATOES.**—Those who wish to hurry their tomatoes for market may do so by proper shading in. All must have observed that 90 per cent. of the tomatoes grow within 18 inches of the ground, and that 90 per cent. of the fruit containing only 10 per cent. of the fruit grew above this point; therefore cut it off, and

The Canadians are congratulating themselves on the great advance in their population for last year, and exhibit figures to show

the ratio of such increase is greater than that of the United States for the last ten years.